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AIRS, DUETS, TRIOS, CHORUSSES, &c.

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NEW MUSICAL FARCE

O P

LOVE IN A CAMP,

O R,

PATRICK IN PRUSSIA;

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by the Author of the POOR SOLDIER, &c.

LONDON;

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

M.DCC.LXXXVI.

O'Keefe

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May 24, 1912

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Patrick,	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Marshal Fehrbellin,	-	-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Father Luke,	-	-	-	Mr. BOOTH.
Quiz,	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Darby,	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Olmütz,	-	-	-	Mr. CUBITT.
Adjutant,	-	-	-	Mr. GARDNER.
Greenbergh,	-	-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Rupert,	-	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
Drummers,	-	-	-	{ Mr. SWORDS.
				{ Mr. NEWTON.
Norah,	-	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Flora,	-	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Mabel,	-	-	-	Mrs. WEBB.

Soldiers, Fifes, &c.

SCENE, *near the Prussian Camp in Silesia,*
the Day before the grand Review in 1785.

The verses marked with inverted commas are omitted
in the representation.

THESE ARE THE STANDARDS

[illegible]

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint horizontal lines near the top edge. There are several dark spots and smudges scattered across the surface, particularly on the left side. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

22-11-1952

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1871

S O N G S, &c.

I N

LOVE IN A CAMP.

A C T I.

AIR I.—*Darby.*

SUPPOSE I was a country boy,
'Od dang it, sure I knew things;
When girls were simple, cold, and coy,
I taught e'm soon a few things.
I got so fond of frolicking,
My aunty us'd to scold me;
To town I ran a rolicking,
The country cou'd'nt hold me.
A bottle first,
Kick up a dust,
If fun I find my whim be;
Then Langty Oodle was the game,
And a'n't I, fir, the pimby?

B

II. With

II.

With chitterlin stuck out so stiff,
 And ruffles o'er my knuckles,
 Beau'd out my red silk handkerchief,
 My watch, and silver buckles;
 My hat, and eyes, and shoes so bright,
 Full black as any crow's look'd,
 My cheek so red, my teeth so white,
 And monstrous nice my nose look'd.

Says I, oh, ho,
 Since things are so,
 A pretty girl the whim be;
 Then Langty Oodle was the game,
 And ma'am a'n't I the pimby?

III.

My duck she was a lady fair,
 Nor maiden, wife, nor widow;
 Says I, ye please we'll take the air;
 To Bagnigge Wells we rid oh!
 There sweet Sal and syllabub
 So firm I fix'd my heart on,
 I soon forgot, when full o' bub,
 False Kathaleen and Carton.
 Sweet Sally sighs,
 And panting cries,
 Let kissing now the whim be;
 Then Langty Oodle was the game,
 And how d'ye like the pimby?

A I R

A I R II.—*Flora.*

The tuneful birds how sweet they sing!
 How gay the dainty flowrets spring!
 How light the milkmaid's brimming pail
 As chaunting in the flow'ry dale!
 'Tis love that wafts her blythe along,
 That paints the flowers, and tunes the song.

A I R III.—*Captain Patrick.*

DANS votre lit that bright parterre,
 Should Flora bloom a lily fair,
 A smiling jonquil I cou'd be
 To blow sweet flow'r beside of thee,
 Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,
 You droop to hide the rose's blush;
 The leafy umbrage make of me,
 And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.
 Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground
 Throws smiles and odours all around,
 Sweet flow'r I'll prove thy faithful bee,
 And honey sip from none but thee.

Dans votre lit.

TRIO IV.—*Captain, Darby, and Flora.*

Capt. My angel,
Dar. Little girl;
Flo. Who, me?
Capt. A moment stop,
Flo. Do stop me at your peril;
Dar. Your tent, and then a drop,
Flo. Nay, Sir!
Capt. Why so cold, my charmer?
Dar. Brilliant Burgundy shall warm her.
Capt. and Dar. My cherry, my plumb,
 In finger and thumb
 You shall fold the waist
 Of the blushing glass,
 My sweet rosy lass,
 While the nectar lip you taste;
 Such joy will I sip
 From your ripe balmy lip
 Your charms thus I'll clasp,
Dar. Thus the bottle I'll grasp.
Flo. How can you serve me so?
Dar. Then up my dear you go:
 Do let his honor buss.
Capt. My sweet a moment stay,
Flo. How dare you serve me thus
 Upon the King's high-way?

Dar.

Dar. A turnpike-man am I,
To take King Cupid's toll,
A kifs;

Flo. I will pass by,

Dar. You can't upon my soul !

Capt. My lovely Sylvan beauty !

Flo. What shall I do ? O, lack !

Dar. My Sweet, pay here the duty
With a hearty smack.

Pize on your fist, my Beauty ;

Oh, dang it, what a whack

Your chaps may take the duty

Of such a dousing smack.

All. Pize on your fist, &c.

A I R V.—*Captain.*]

AWAY ye giddy, smiling throng,
Of tempting beauties, fair and young,
My heart be true, altho' my tongue

Shou'd sing of lovely Hora,

Or shou'd I gaze with fond desire,

Shou'd breath of roses fan the fire,

And tho' I on a touch expire,

My soul is thine, sweet Norah.

The

" The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,

" My constant soul must ever bind

" To that dear woman left behind,

" My kind, my tender Norah.

" But, Oh ! I fear each mortal part,

" Nay e'en this true, this faithful heart,

" Resistless to the urchin's dart,

" Shot by the eyes of Flora."

Illusive vapour, transient blaze ;

Oh, vanish, while I wand'ring gaze !

But shine like Dian's silver rays,

My passion chaste for Norah !

Yet Hymen winks, and Venus smiles,

And Passion ev'ry sense beguiles,

And Cupid, with his thousand wiles,

Assists my charming Flora !

AIR

A I R VI.—*Darby*, and *Chorus* of *Soldiers*.

Dar. SO chearful, so happy, we boys of the
blade,
Prepare all to meet on the shining
parade.

Then rub
And scrub

Your musket, your belts, and your
bayonets bright.

Cho. We'll scrub,
We'll rub
Our muskets, &c.

Dar. In spatterdash white,
As he throws up his leg,
Each rank and file marches a bold Scander-
beg.

Tan Tarara.

The ladies admiring
Our charging and firing,
Our standing and kneeling,
To right and left wheeling.
Tol lol de ral lol de lol la.

Cho. The Ladies admiring, &c.

Dar. Tan Tarara,

A smile

(8)

A smile from a woman's a soldier's delight,

They love us, we love 'em, and for 'em
we'll fight.

Tan Tarara

We'll jovially sing,

Drink a health to our king,

And make the camp ring.

Tol lol de ral lol de lol la.

Cho. We'll jovially sing, &c.

AIR

AIR VII.—*Quiz.*

All fierce and military,
 Cross buff belt and regimental new;
 High cap, rough, and hairy,
 At our grand review;
 With spur on boot
 Adorn the foot,
 To grace the field while pateraroes shoot,
 Fire and smoke,
 All a joke;
 Bullets whiz,
 Bully Quiz
 Erect as a sturdy oak,
 On my Charger prancing;
 Rat, tat, tat, his hoofs shall beat the ground,
 Great glove and broad sword glancing,
 Salute the ladies round;
 In the grand pas rear, up the pavement tear,
 Like a noble Colonel at my men I swear;
 Hey, they fight; to the right, keep the rank,
 Guard the flank;
 Zounds! I'll soon be a Brigadier.

A I R VIII.—FINALE.

Captain Patrick, Darby, Quiz, and Mabel.

Dar. What, is he gone? oh bug and bounds,
How near I was a thrashing!
But there's your uncle, Father Luke,
In Berlin chaise come dashing!

Capt. 'Sdeath! perhaps my Norah too!

Dar. We're in a hopeful hobble!
But I must to my awl and end,
The matter up to cobble.

Capt. Disgrac'd; I cannot face my wife.

Dar. Who bid her now to come, Sir?

Capt. And such a cause then, Father Luke,

Dar. My hand the priest I'll hum, Sir.

Capt. 'Till I'm restor'd, amuse 'em both;
Again my friend, I'll thank ye;

Dar. I wonder how is little Quiz?

[*Enter Quiz and Mabel.*

Quiz. I'm pretty well, I thank ye.
My Mabel, by the god of war,
Is a celestial Houry,
As fine a bride as man can wish
When here you down her dowry.

Mab. Like scissars hung in apron-string,
Or dangled here a locket;
But touch my cash, and that, and you,
I'll put into my pocket.

Capt. Come, come, agree

Dar. Like man and wife,

Capt. And very well you'll both do.

Mab. Ay, by the god of war, we will,

Quiz. Already get my oath too.

Dar. Friend Quiz, your hand, I give you joy
Of spoufey and her riches,

This comfort still is your's my boy,

She ne'er can wear the breeches.

Quiz. Then let the chine and turkey smoke,
Good chear o'erspread the table;

Dar. The wedding's such a merry joke,
Of little Quiz and Mabel.

All. Then let the chine, &c.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

AIR I.—*Norah.*

IN camps how rough by Mars array'd !
There Fate attends his will ;
At home you hear each tender maid,
“ Ah ! was he form'd to kill ? ”

In charms secure, the fair advance,
And, ere an arrow flies,
He looks around, and at each glance,
A wounded maiden dies.

Oh come, my Soldier, meet my fight,
Full far I've come to thee ;
No foe now dares you to the fight,
But gentle Love and me.

My Soldier doats on fierce alarms,
Where foes in battle join ;
But when the trumpet sounds to arms,
Oh, let him fly to mine.

AIR

A I R II.—*Darby.*

I'll sing you a song; faith, I'm singing it here,
now;

I don't mean t'front either small or big, bow-
wow,

The subject I've chosen, it is the canine race,
To prove like us, two-legg'd dogs, they're a
very fine race.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, lal, la.

II.

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted fad
dogs;

As we won't drink water, some might think us
mad dogs:

A Courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,
A Soldier is a mastiff, a Sailor's a bull-dog.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, lal, la.

III.

When filly dogs for property, uncle, son, and
brother,

Grin and snort mighty gruff, and worry one
another:

Shou'd they a bit of equity from Justice beg
the loan of,

That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries
quick the bone off.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, lal, la.

IV. And

IV.

And old maid comes from church, the poor ne
lady kinder;

A lusty dog her footman, with prayer-book, be-
hind her :

A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of
good kicking,

But Little Shock, her lap-dog, must have a
roasted chicken.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, lal, la.

V.

" A Poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he
runs game down,

" A Critic is a cur that strives to run his fame
down;

" And though he cannot follow where the no-
ble sport invites him,

" He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites
him.

Bow, wow, wow,
Fal, lal, la.

vi. You've

VII.

" You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed
'em you are able,

" Your dog for his morsel crouches under
your table,

" Your friends turn tail in misfortune or dis-
after,

" But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake
his master.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, la:

VIII.

" As your friends turn tail the moment that
you need 'em,

" My dog ran away when no longer I cou'd
feed him,

" This cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on my
journey,

" And for a mouldy crust went back to the at-
torney.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, lal, lal,

A I R

AIR III.—DUETT.

Darby, and Father Luke.

Fa. Lu. AND oh, is he gone, *whirra strua*,
poor Pat?

So sorry, [*Darby shewing the empty bottle.*] look here,

Fa. Lu. I'm so sorry for that,
My grief is so great not a tear can I cry;

Dar. And yet, my good Sir, you've a sup in
your eye.

Fa. Lu. Go, go,
Take your liquor away from me;

Dar. Oh, ho!
Does it give you such pain?

Fa. Lu. And ne'er bring your usquebaugh bottle
to me.

Dar. No.

Fa. Lu. No Darby, No.
'Till you've fill'd it again.

D

AIR

A I R IV.—*Norah.*

With your sex, my sweet Flora, your blushes
forget,

Tho' coy, you're *no longer* a maid ;
In your bright burnish'd gorget a brazen face
set,

Be a ball (*bey allons*) your parade ;
In your nice chicken gloves, as you gallantly
stand,

While the fiddles for action prepare,
For the dear *pas de deux* give the word of com-
mand,

And gracefully foot to the fair.

II.

" At your mess when poor virtue in bumpers is
crown'd,

" Tho' the toast *gives a zest* to each glass ;

" When Bacchus the temples of folly has
crown'd,

" Be the god of your favorite lass ;

" Oh ! ne'er let her character die in a wink,

" E'en a chorus of laughter despise ;

" Your goddess as pure as the wine that you
drink,

" Let your fancy exalt to the skies.

III. As

III.

As far as a kiss you may venture to toy,
 Tho' scarce would I venture so far;
 'Tis folly, not courage, a foe to annoy,
 If we cannot well finish the war.
 Encounters of all sorts my friend then forbear,
 Nor longer depend on your fan;
 If you strut and look big, cock your hat
 with an air,
 You may pass for a very fine man.

AIR V. Quartetto—*Captain, Rupert, Darby,*
and Flora.

Flo. THE lovely Fair, within that room, my
 wife shall be;

Capt. And how, Sir, are you sure of that?

Flo. Oh, she loves me!

Capt. 'Sdeath, Sir, what's that you say? quick,
 answer speedily!

Rup. What of my Flora, tell me first.

Flo. Oh, she loves me!

Capt.

Capt. and Rup. She loves thee !

Dar. He loves she :

Flo. And for her sweet sake, you, Sir ; or, you,
I'll see.

Dar. To 'em, my little Cock-a-nouns ; Oh,
you're my Gramachree.

Capt. and Rup. What, my Love love thee ?

Flo. Ay, thy Love loves me—

Dar. Knock their heads together—

Flo. Have at you, one, two, three.

Dar. Sir, leave me out---a wicked rogue, our
little Gramachree

Together. { *Rup. and Capt.* Satisfaction you must give,
most surely now to me.

Flo. Fire or sword, when Love's the word,
have at you, one, two, three !

Dar. Oh, what a tearing Hero, our little
Gramachree !

AIR

A I R VI.—*Darby.*

THIS fighting is all a mere folly,
A man looks so odd when he's dead ;
Besides, I'd be quite melancholy
If Quizzy should blow off my head.
Sing Ditherum doodle, &c.

II

Sweet Kathaleen, why wou'd you pout me,
A lad once so cosy and warm ?
So pretty was all things about me,
My cabbin and snug little farm !
Sing Ditherum doodle, &c.

III.

The cock by his hens was furrounded,
The pigeon got kissing the dove ;
Oh, then was poor Darby confounded,
It put me in mind of my love.
Sing Ditherum doodle, &c.

IV.

As honor in battle may fail,—a
Gold chain I shall never command ;
My wooden leg be my Shilela,
I'll carry my leg in my hand.
Sing Ditherum doodle, &c.

A I R

AIR VII. Finale.—*Captain, Patrick, Darby,
Father Luke, Quiz, Mabel, Flora, and Norah.*

Capt. Oh now let the drum
Beat company come,
And let the clarionets play;
And, oh, little fife,
Now whistle for life,
While merry we foot it away.
For Fortune turns her wheel,
And with us she'll dance a reel;
The late whining fellow,
Now jovial and mellow,
To jollity ring a peal.

II.

Quiz. As sure as a gun
We'll shew you such fun,
As never was seen before;
Like officers swear,
And tatter and tear,
And like a canon we'll roar.

Dar. Quiz?

Quiz. Darby, did you call?

F. Luke. Ye devils, how loud ye bawl;

Quiz. To house, bed, and table,
Of Quiz,

Mab. And poor Mabel,
You're heartily welcome all.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

Flora.

III.

Flora. Oh, maidens, take care,
 By 'xample beware
 If ruin you'd wish to shun;
Norab. Nor trust to your charms
 When once from your arms
 You suffer your spousy to run;
Flora. Like birds held in a string;
 They'll hopabout, then take wing.
Norab. From twig to bough flying,
 Your sobbing, your crying,
 Ne'er back can the wanton bring.
 Oh, now let the drum, &c.

IV.

F. Luke. A sad wicked place,
 A very sad case,
 Here nothing I'll get to do.
 Child, put on your cap, [*to Flo.*
 And here is a slap;
 I'll marry that younker [*to Rupert*]
 and you;
 If you don't take't amiss [*to Mab.*
 I'd like to bury poor Quiz
 Without any money;
 Your hand, my dear honey,
 [*To Quiz.*
 So much I like your phiz.
 Oh, now let the drum, &c.
 v. And

Darby.

And now, my friends, may
 Your Poor Soldier say
 A word in our Poet's behalf?
 Oh, do not then try
 To make the boy cry,
 Who so often has made you laugh:
 Success we cannot command,
 But let your merciful hand
 Now lend us a volley,
 And pardon his folly,
 For the honor of Old England.
 Oh, now let, &c.

THE END.